



MISSIONARY STORIES



No. 7

The Story of a
Chinese Boy

Why Support the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel?

1. It is by far *the oldest Society* of the Church of England, the primary object of which is to support missionary work abroad, having been founded in 1701. For nearly a hundred years it was the only Church Society in the field.

2. It works both amongst *heathen* and our own *colonists*. Two-thirds of its income is spent upon the conversion of the heathen, and the remaining third in trying to prevent white men from relapsing into heathenism. It has a special claim upon all who feel grateful for the aid which the Colonies have recently rendered to their mother-country, and upon all who desire to bind the British Empire together in the bonds of the Christian faith.

3. It *represents no party* or section of the Church of England. Its teaching is that of the Bible and the Prayer Book. John Wesley was one of its early missionaries in America.

4. It has requests for *further help* from all parts of the world to which it is unable to respond through lack of sufficient means.

5. The S.P.G. is not in a strict sense a society at all, but claims to be *the official organ of the whole Church of England*. Every diocesan Bishop in Great Britain and Ireland is officially a member of its Standing Committee. As the representative of the Church at home it has already spent over eight million pounds on the work of the Church abroad.

6. There are at the present time 1,218 missionaries on the Society's list. Ordained (including nine Bishops) 848—in Asia, 318; in Africa, 258; in Australia and the Pacific, 28; in North America, 147; in the West Indies and Central and South America, 68; and 29 Chaplains in Europe. Of the ordained missionaries, 240 are natives—157 in Asia; 80 in Africa; 2 in Guiana; and 1 East Indian in Trinidad. *Laymen*, 99—61 in Asia; 23 in Africa; 3 in Carpentaria, Australia; 11 in North America; and 1 in Antigua. Of these 54 are natives—35 in Asia; 16 in Africa; 2 in Carpentaria; and 1 Chinese catechist in New Westminster. *Women*, 271, of whom 16 are natives—215 in Asia; 47 in Africa; 1 in Australia; and 8 in the West Indies. There are also in the various Missions about 3,000 Lay Teachers, 3,200 Students in the Society's Colleges, and 71,500 children in the Mission Schools in Asia and Africa.

Everyone who reads this book is invited to take charge of a missionary box to raise money for the support of the work of the S.P.G. Boxes can be obtained gratis from the S.P.G. Parish Secretary, or from the Manager of the Publication Department, S.P.G. Office, **15 Tufton Street, Westminster, London, S.W.**

THE STORY OF A CHINESE BOY.

HAVE you ever tried to count a million ?

If you want to know how many people there are in China you must count a million 400 times over, because there are 400 million people there.

It is wonderful how very little some of us know about these people. I am going to tell you about a Chinese boy who became a great man.

When a boy is born in China there is much joy in the home, and as soon as he is a month old a grand feast is held in his honour. But if the baby is a girl there is nothing but sadness, and parents have often been known to put an end to the life of the little one to save the trouble of bringing her up.

One of his Majesty's Consuls tells us that, close to his house at Foochow, in the South of China, there was a notice carved on a stone on the river bank :—

“ Little girls are not to be drowned here.”

This shows that it is a common thing in China to drown girls. They have always been badly treated.

A Chinese poet who was living 2,000 years ago compared the life of a sister and a brother at that time :—

“ And it shall be, whenever sons are born
These shall be laid on beds to sleep and rest ;
In long loose robes they also shall be drest,
And sceptres shall be given them for their toys
And when they cry, what music in the noise
These yet shall don the scarlet aprons grand
And be the kings and princes of the land.

“ And it shall be, when daughters shall be born,
These shall be laid to sleep upon the ground ;
In coarsest bands their bodies shall be bound,
And tiles shall be their playthings. ’Twill belong
To these to meddle not with right or wrong,
To mind alone the household drink and food,
And cause their parents no solicitude.”

When a boy is a year old his father will probably put him into a large open basket, in which there are such things as pens, books, scales for weighing money, foot measures, shears and brass mirrors. He will watch the child very carefully, because he thinks that he can tell what kind of a boy he is going to be by noticing which thing he first takes hold of.

His mother allows him to do whatever he likes. She is delighted if he gets into a passion, for she believes that if he has a bad temper he will be able to get his own way when he grows up.

Until he is six years old he learns no lessons and has a fine time.

In the summer he fishes in the ponds or makes mud pies in the ditches. He catches grasshoppers and locusts, and strings them together on long reeds ; he flies his kite and goes out with other boys to collect grass and leaves for making fires. At harvest time he gleans in the fields with the men. If there is a wedding or a funeral he is sure to be there, and he is often to be seen in temples and theatres.

In the winter he cannot run about easily because he wears on heavy clothes, but he manages to play at battledore and shuttlecock by using his heels as battledores and kicking up the shuttlecock behind him.

But when he is six or seven years old a change comes, for it is time for him to go to school.

He is dressed in a red gown with a green jacket and yellow trousers, and given a pair of beautifully worked shoes. On his head is placed a blue cap with a scarlet button and

tassel, and in his hand he carries a pair of red candles, sticks of incense and some paper money.

No doubt he feels rather grand as he walks into the school



A CHINESE FAMILY, REPRESENTING THREE GENERATIONS.

room, and goes up to a shrine, where he lights his candles and incense, burns his paper money, and bows himself down to the ground three times in honour of the great Chinese teacher Confucius, who lived more than 2,000 years ago.

After this he goes to the master and bows to the ground three times before him, and then sits down on a small stool behind a table.

The little lad soon finds that all the fun has gone out of his life. For him there is neither football nor cricket as there is for English boys, no playing with marbles or tops after school hours, nothing but hard study.

To begin with he is given a new name. His teacher chooses one which he thinks will suit him—e.g., *Promising Study*, *Advancement*, or *Terrace of Letters*—and he is never again called by his baby name.

When our little friend Advancement first went to school, he was told to stand before the master's desk and was given a book called the *Three Character Classic*, in which he saw 500 little pictures called *characters*. If he could have understood them he would have known that the book was full of wise sayings and stories of Chinese boys who had become great men.

The master read twelve of the characters aloud, and Advancement read them after him over and over again in a loud voice, and then went back to his seat to learn them by heart. He rocked himself backwards and forwards on his stool and shouted them hundreds of times at the top of his voice. As all the other boys in the room were doing the same thing the noise was dreadful, but the master did not stop it. He sat and listened, and was so clever that he could hear if any boy made a mistake, and if he did he corrected him.

When Advancement had learned the twelve characters he took his book to the master's desk, bowed low, turned his back to him and said his lesson. If he made a mistake all the master had to do was to pull his pig-tail, which hung behind him carefully plaited. He asked him no questions and explained nothing to him.

Every day the little fellow learned some new characters until he knew the book by heart.

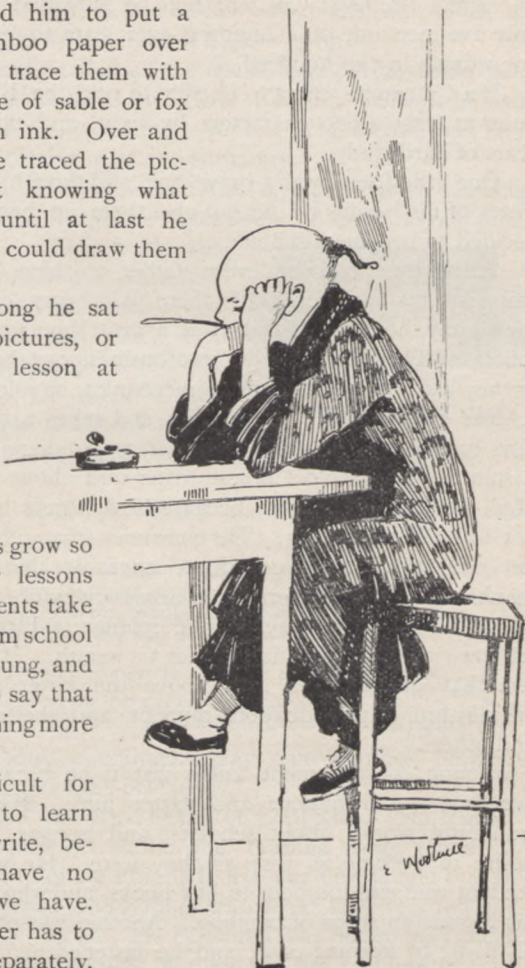
He was very glad when the writing lesson came. The

master gave him a page of characters, each about an inch long, and told him to put a sheet of bamboo paper over them, and to trace them with a pencil made of sable or fox hair dipped in ink. Over and over again he traced the pictures without knowing what they meant, until at last he found that he could draw them from memory.

All day long he sat tracing the pictures, or shouting the lesson at the top of his voice, stopping only to take his meals.

Many boys grow so tired of their lessons that their parents take them away from school when quite young, and I am sorry to say that they learn nothing more all their lives!

It is difficult for the Chinese to learn to read or write, because they have no alphabet as we have. Every character has to be learned separately, and in order to read



A CHINESE SCHOOL BOY.

an easy book it is necessary to know at least 1,000 characters by sight. Perhaps you will not be surprised to hear that only five men out of a hundred ever learn to read, and only one woman in two hundred.

If a Chinaman wants to be able to read the Bible he must know at least 4,000 characters by sight, and this means six years of hard study.

Our little friend was a brave boy, and though he was often weary of his lessons he did not give them up, because he had decided to become a scholar.

It is the wish of every father to have one scholar amongst his children. If there is a very clever boy in the family, he is told that it is a great honour to become a scholar. The other sons go into business or take up farming, or they learn to be tradesmen, mechanics, or soldiers, but the scholar goes on with his studies and takes a degree. Few boys care to go into the army, because soldiers are despised. Listen to what an old Chinese writer said about them: "Last of all comes the soldier; because his business is to destroy, not to build up, society. He consumes what others produce, but does not himself contribute anything that can benefit mankind; still he is, perhaps, a necessary evil."

The same writer says of the scholar: "First comes the scholar; because mind is superior to wealth. It is the intellect that distinguishes man above the lower animals, and enables him to provide food, raiment, and shelter for himself and others."

Young Advancement knew that if he became a scholar everyone would honour and flatter him. He listened to wonderful stories about scholars, and he was filled with a desire to become as wise as they were. He was told of a student who was too poor to buy books, and who used to copy his lessons on strips of bamboo. Another was obliged to earn his living by keeping cows, and he fastened his books to the horn of a cow and studied as best he could.

One who sat up at night tied his tail of hair to a beam in order to keep awake, while another who could not afford to have a lamp read by the light of a glow-worm !

Advancement needed all the encouragement he could get, for after he had mastered the *Three Character Classic* he had to commit to memory five more books. The second was very dull ; it was a catalogue of 450 surnames.

In the third there were 1,000 wise sayings on such subjects as the virtues of kings, the splendours of court, agriculture, and education. This book was written thirteen hundred years ago, and some of the people mentioned in it were great and good—*e.g.*, Mencius the philosopher and Yu the historian. Of them it was said : “Mencius esteemed plainness and simplicity, and Yu the historian held firmly to rectitude.”



A CHINESE GIRL'S SHOE.

The fourth book was short, and contained poetry for children, *e.g.* :—

“ It is of the utmost importance to educate children.
Do not say that your families are poor.
For those who can handle well the pencil
Go where they will and need never ask for favours.”

To “handle well the pencil” meant to be a scholar.

“ In all the world there is nothing impossible :
It is only that the heart of man is wanting in resolution.”

The fifth book contained many conversations between Confucius and one of his disciples.

Advancement had often heard of Confucius. He remembered bowing before his shrine and burning paper money in his honour when quite a little lad. He was now taught that he was a great Chinese philosopher who lived five hundred and fifty years before Christ. He benefited the nation very much by collecting and preserving hundreds of old Chinese writings on history and science and religion, and the people still look

up to him and worship him as the greatest of their teachers. In fact, they value the writings of Confucius as much as English people value the Bible.

The sixth book was on the subject of education.

It took our friend some years to commit these books to memory. Not until he had been working at them for a year did the master begin to explain them to him, and after a long time he understood the meaning of all that he had learned.

Then he decided to study for a degree, and this meant that he must learn four more books by heart. Three of them told him of the wise things which Confucius had taught, and the fourth book was written by the philosopher Mencius, who lived about two hundred years after Confucius.

Taking his place among other students in a large room, Advancement began to shout :—

“ What Confucius teaches is true ;
What is contrary to his teaching is false ;
What he does not teach is unnecessary.”

He then learned many of the conversations which took place between Confucius and his disciples. Although Confucius lived five hundred and fifty years before Christ was born, some of his sayings are so beautiful that they remind us of words which our Lord used—*e.g.*, a disciple of Confucius once asked him, “ Is there a single word which may serve as a rule of practice for the whole of one’s life ? ”

He replied, “ Is not *Shu* such a word ? Do not to others what you would not wish done to you.” His answer makes us think of what our Lord said to His disciples, “ As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.” (S. Luke vi. 31.)

On another occasion Confucius said, “ The perfect man loves all men. He is not governed by private affection and interest, but only regards right reason and the public good. The wicked man on the contrary loves you if you give, and likes you if you commend him.”

Our Lord said the same thing in fewer words, "If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them." (S. Luke vi. 32-35.)

Confucius often spoke of "the perfect man," and the



A FORTUNE TELLER.

expression recalls the command of Christ to His disciples, "Be ye therefore perfect." (S. Matthew v. 48.)

While Advancement was working for his first degree he learned hundreds of model essays by heart, because he knew

that he would be asked to quote from memory whole pages of the books which he had studied, and to write long essays on subjects taken from the books. He went to special masters who taught him to compose verses of poetry, and to write very quickly and well.

He worked day and night with untiring energy, for he had heard that if he made a single mistake in the writing of a character he might fail. But he did not fail: he took his first degree, and attained to the rank of *Cultured Talent*, when he was only sixteen years old. His name was posted up outside the house of the mandarin in whose district he lived, and he was allowed to put up either a flagstaff or a red signal over his door as a sign that he had passed. He was now considered a great man. His friends respected and praised him, and people came from a distance to ask his advice about all kinds of things.

His old father now considered that it was time for his promising son to marry!

The young bride had been chosen by the parents long before, and Advancement had sent her presents from time to time, but he had not seen her, for it is not the custom in China for the bride and bridegroom to meet before marriage.

The bride's head was covered with a red cotton cloth, and as she would not look up during the ceremony Advancement had not the least idea what she was like until after the wedding was over. Even then he was not allowed to speak to her for some time, but he was not surprised at this, for in some parts of China the husband's mother prevents any conversation between the two for the first three years of their married life.

The youthful bridegroom soon became very fond of his girl-wife, and as he had a strong will of his own he protected her from those who would have been unkind to her.

His marriage did not interfere with his studies or with anything else, for he lived as usual in his father's house, and began to work for a higher degree.



A CHINESE TEA PARTY.

When he made enquiries about the next examination he was told that it was held once in three years and lasted for sixteen days ; but, nothing daunted, he toiled hard and went in for it. This time he had to write essays upon very difficult subjects in prose and in verse.

The results were published by the town crier at midnight, and his name was among the successful candidates. In the morning he was received by the Governor, who, dressed in robes of state, bowed to him three times and ordered a salute of guns to be fired in his honour. He was then invited to an official banquet, and was feasted and flattered by the highest mandarins of the province. His wife must have been very proud of him, for he had now attained to the coveted rank of *the Exalted Men*.

Surely his studies were all over after this ! Yes, I think they were, although there were other examinations which he might have taken.

He could have worked for a third degree and have become a *Finished Scholar*, and he could have gone in for the highest degree, the examination for which is held once in three years in the Palace of the Emperor, in the presence of the greatest scholars of the land. Had he passed he would have become a member of *the College of the Forest of Pencils*, and would then have received a Government salary or pension.

In China they "die learning," for scholars go on appearing in the Examination Hall until they are seventy years of age, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a father, son, and grandson all working together for a degree. Of one old man it was said : "Behold Liang Han at the ripe age of eighty-two, in the Imperial Hall, among many scholars, gains the first rank !"

Of course, very few aspire to take the highest degree, but thousands of scholars go in every year for the first degree. The subjects for examination never alter ; they are the

same now as they were thirteen hundred years ago, for the Chinese do not believe that any improvement can be made in their methods.

Years passed by and Advancement became a lawyer and a great man in the district.

But sorrow came. His young wife died, and left him without any child to comfort him in his loneliness. He began to think of death, and to wonder if there was any future life, and he resolved to study the religions of China to see if they could tell him this.

As a child he had been afraid of death, though he had never told anyone of his fears. No one knew that he used to wander about alone at night when he was only eight years old trying to shake off his dread of dying.

He was very merry when with other boys, and so clever that his elder brothers used to say to him, "You can win wealth and fame, and in the end become a great mandarin." But he thought, "What good is there, after all, in being a mandarin? Sooner or later I must die. What is the use of living in this world?"

These questions, long forgotten, came back to him now, and he set to work to study the religions of China in order to find an answer to them.

There are four religions in China.

(1) *A State Religion*, in which no one can share except the Emperor and the highest persons in the land.

(2) *Confucianism*, i.e., the teaching of Confucius (550 B.C.).

(3) *Taoism*. The teaching of Lao-tsi, another Chinese teacher who lived about the same time as Confucius.

(4) *Buddhism*. An ancient Indian religion which was brought into China about 65 A.D.

These religions have borrowed from each other, and cannot now be entirely separated. Many of the people believe in a part of one religion, and in a part of another, but most of them do little else than worship idols.

(1) The *State Religion* was of no use to Advancement, because it was only intended for the Emperor and nobles.

(2) He had studied *Confucianism* before, and he admired Confucius very much, but even that great teacher could not help him, because he could not tell him whether there was a life after death.

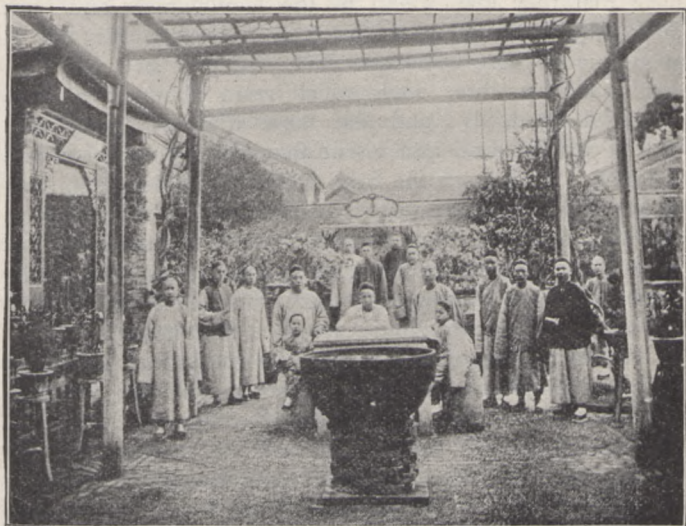
(3) The *Taoists* claimed to know how life eternal was to be gained. The word *Tao* means *Truth*, and Advancement hoped to find it in the system, but he was disappointed. Lao-tsi admitted that man could not find it because he was not good enough. He said: "If *Tao* (Truth) could be offered to men, there is no one who would not willingly offer it to his prince. Why then can you not obtain it? This is the reason. You are incapable of giving it a place in your hearts."

Lao-tsi was a good man, and he would have been much distressed if he had known that after his death the grey-robed Taoist priests made money out of the people by false pretences, and taught them to believe in magic and to worship devils. Advancement was indignant with them, and turned away from Taoism with deep sadness in his heart.

(4) He then examined the sacred writings of *Buddhism*. These had been brought from India and were very ancient. One of the Chinese Emperors who lived about the time of Our Lord had a vision that a great teacher had come to earth, and he sent men to search for him. They travelled about for seven years and at last returned, bringing with them Buddhist priests and idols and books from India. These yellow-robed priests taught the people to believe in the transmigration of souls. They said, "If you are wicked in this life you will be born again after death in a lower form, perhaps as a dog or a snake; and if you are extremely good you will attain to *Nirvana*—i.e., to a state of non-existence." They terrified the people by telling them that there were one hundred and thirty-six hells, that the suffering in each hell grew greater and greater, and that it would take at least ten million years to

pass through all these hells. No wonder the simple folk were deceived by these bad men and gave them large sums of money that they and their friends might be rescued from some of these places of torment.

But although Advancement still took part in the worship of hideous idols at gorgeous temples he was not satisfied with this teaching, and he soon found out that the priests themselves



A CHINESE GARDEN PARTY.

did not believe in their gods. Sometimes as he stood and read the words written over the entrance of the Buddhist temples, "Worship the gods as if they were present," he was filled with despair.

Many of the Chinese regret that Buddhism was ever introduced into their country, and I am glad to say that it is dying out, and that the temples are not often restored when they fall into decay.

As a last hope Advancement turned to the one thing in which he could believe, to the worship of ancestors. Everyone in China, from the Emperor to the poorest person in the land, believes in this, partly because Confucius and Lao-tsi had taught them to do so.

In every house there is a shrine or tablet put up in memory of the dead. In the spring of the year parents and children meet that they may attend to the family graves and burn incense before the shrine. This they do because they live in great fear of those who have died. They believe that each dead man has three souls which roam about in a place inhabited by devils ; and that those who are living must provide for the dead and rescue them from punishment and suffering. They burn the best clothes of the dead man that he may have plenty to wear in the next world. Advancement worshipped his ancestors faithfully, but he found no comfort in so doing, because he had not any child of his own, and he knew that when he was dead there would be no son to burn incense before his tablet and rescue him from misery.

He was so disappointed at his failure to find an answer to his questionings that his health began to give way, and then something worse happened. His friends came to him and said, "We advise you to smoke opium ; it will make you much better. You need not smoke often : just take a little until you are better, it will then be quite easy to give it up." He refused ; but after a time he thought he would try what opium could do for him, and took to it. He smoked all day, and at first it seemed to do him great good, but gradually he grew worse and could not sleep at night, and it was not long before he lost all interest in his studies and in everything else. Again and again he tried to give it up, but the habit had become so fixed that he could not break it off. For ten years he smoked opium, and he grew terribly thin and wretched.

He now wished with all his heart that he had never begun to smoke, but wishing was of no avail. He was a confirmed

opium smoker, and nothing could take away his longing for the drug.

The scholar who had once been respected by all sank lower and lower in his own opinion and in that of everyone else. A Chinese mandarin has said, "It is not the man that eats the opium, but the opium that eats the man"; and this was true of Advancement.

He was never now seen at the Law Courts, and when people came from a distance to consult him about their difficulties they were surprised to find a worn-looking gentleman on a couch too stupid to attend to business.

At one time he became dangerously ill, and his friends dressed him in the most expensive clothes they could buy that he might be ready for death.

But he did not die; he lived on for years in a miserable and hopeless condition, and he began to reproach himself bitterly for the degradation which he had brought upon himself and his family. He felt sure that in another world he would be punished for his sin, but he could not give it up, and the more wretched he was the more he smoked.

In the year 1878 a terrible famine swept over the land and reached the miserable scholar. People near him were obliged to live on the bark of trees, and on chaff and weeds; indeed, they had to grind soft stones to make some kind of flour for themselves. At last the distress became so awful that human flesh was put up for sale in public places.

Two English missionaries were brave enough to go to the famine-stricken place, but owing to the prejudice of the poor ignorant people their help was actually refused by some. Advancement would have died rather than receive anything from them, for he despised foreigners. Thousands of the people died, and many of them in the greatest terror.

"Father," said a bright little girl, "father, where am I going? What lies before me in the darkness? Oh, father, I am frightened!"

And the father replied in a voice broken with grief, "I cannot tell. . . . There are other lives beyond . . . but . . ."

"Oh, father, are they happy lives? or shall I suffer there? Can you not give me hope? What do your books say? Tell me . . . help me . . ." and she was gone.

The famine passed away, and still Advancement lived on.

One of the missionaries who had braved famine and death in order to save the people was named David Hill. He had been born just five years before our Chinese friend, but born in a country where even little children are taught to know something of the life beyond the grave.

Mr. Hill greatly admired the Confucian scholars because of their learning and perseverance; he knew that they hated foreigners, and especially missionaries, but he was determined to do something for them.

He therefore offered some valuable prizes to those students who should write the best essays on *Opium, Prayer, Rewards and Punishments*, &c., and he supplied them with Christian books on the subjects.

The brothers of Advancement heard of these prizes and they said to him, "Look here, Old Four (he was the fourth son), here's your chance. You are the man for literary essays; do write one."

And, after thinking a little, they went on, "Yes, why not write more than one? Are there not four prizes? Write one for yourself and three more for us."

At first Advancement was afraid to try for fear of being bewitched by the Englishmen, but his brothers persuaded him that nothing would happen, and that it was a splendid way of making money out of the hated foreigners, so he decided to write four essays and to keep the best for himself. As he wrote, his old love of learning came back to him, and he became intensely interested in the literature which the missionaries had sent.

One hundred and twenty essays were written by learned

THE STORY OF A CHINESE BOY.

Confucian scholars all over the country, yet Advancement won three out of the four prizes ; and as the first prize alone was worth seven guineas, he was delighted with his success.

Mr. Hill would not give the money into the hands of any but the successful candidate himself, and, much against his will, Advancement went to the missionary's house to receive it in person.

He expected that he would dislike Mr. Hill very much, but he was greatly mistaken. One glance at the face of the missionary told him that he was in the presence of a truly good man. He drank tea with him according to the native custom, and returned home with the money in his hands.

In a few days Mr. Hill begged him to come and see him again, and he then asked him if he would write some essays for him and help him to study Chinese literature. Advancement was willing, but his family was afraid that he would be bewitched, and for some time they prevented his going.

Finally, however, he went to live with Mr. Hill, and was of great use to him. While there he saw a New Testament for the first time in his life, and it interested him so much that he read it for hours at a time. Mr. Hill did not speak much to him on the subject of religion ; he did something better than that—he prayed for him. Advancement watched Mr. Hill very closely to see if he carried out in his life the teaching that was found in the sacred Book of the Christians, and he was not disappointed with him.

All this time the Confucian scholar was smoking opium. He loathed the habit, but could not give it up. The more he read of the life of Jesus Christ the more sinful he felt himself to be, and the more he longed to be delivered from the slavery of sin. Gradually he began to understand that Jesus Christ had come to earth to save men from their sins, and in the silence of his quiet room he confessed to Him his sin. He felt sure that he was in the presence of the Saviour of the world, and that He would not refuse to forgive him. In that

hour he learned that Christ was his Master, as well as his Saviour, and he told Mr. Hill that he wished to serve Him and to be baptized. . At first Mr. Hill hesitated, but when Advancement said, "From this day until death and beyond I will never, never draw back," he was sure that he was in earnest, and, with much joy, he prepared him for baptism.



OPIUM SMOKERS.

Then came a terrible struggle, for Advancement began to realise that it was the will of his new Master that he should stop smoking opium. He had never before found anything which could help him to stop, but he felt sure that as Christ had shown him that he must give it up, He would give him the power to do so.

The habit was so fixed that the agony which he endured when he ceased smoking was intense. For seven days he could hardly touch food ; for seven nights he could not sleep. He suffered from burning thirst, he became faint and exhausted, and more wretched than ever. It only made the struggle worse to know that he could at any moment forget his misery by taking a few whiffs of opium.

Mr. Hill was very unhappy about him, and tried to relieve him by giving him medicines, but nothing was of any use.

It seemed as if he must give up the struggle, but through the grace of God he held on, and when he was suffering most pain he would groan aloud, "Though I die I will never touch it again."

As the suffering continued he became convinced that he was having a hand-to-hand fight with the devil, who was very anxious not to lose him, and in his distress he cried out :—

"Devil, I am willing to break off opium and die, but not willing to continue in sin and live !"

Then he prayed to his newly-found Master and begged Him to rescue him from Satan, and it was not long before the answer came.

One day as he was reading the Bible he began to see that there was a stronger Spirit than the wicked spirit, and that He—the Holy Spirit—would help him. For the first time in his life he prayed to Him, and He helped him by taking away his longing for the opium.

"He did," said the scholar, "what man and medicine could not do . . . and then I knew that to break off opium without real faith in Jesus would indeed be impossible. . . . Sooner or later the man who is trusting in medicine is certain to go back, because the devil has not been driven out."

Is it any wonder that Advancement took a new name, and called himself *Sheng-mo*, which means *Devil-overcomer*? He wished ever after to be known as a "Conqueror of the devil."

Is it any wonder that he determined to become a missionary

and to devote his life to the task of saving his fellow countrymen from the slavery of sin?

The wonder would have been great if he had done anything else.

One thing more you will like to know about him. He never went back to his opium smoking, nor failed to follow in the steps of his Master. And his Master never failed him. Years passed by, and still he remained firm, and he saved

many a man from a miserable fate.

Men like Sheng-mo make the best missionaries, because they have proved in their own lives the power of Christ to save them from sin, and they feel that they *must* tell their fellow men how they can obtain that same power.

All missionaries in China have to fight against the terrible habit of opium smoking.

Look at the picture of Mr. Norman, who worked under the S.P.G. The

Chinese trusted and loved him, because he spent eight years in helping them to overcome the habit. He had just built a little church with the help of a few natives when the Boxers came down upon him, burned his church, and put him to death.

The S.P.G. has recently been making great efforts to extend its work in North China. Although three of its missionaries were martyred by the Boxers, the Society refused



THE REV. H. V. NORMAN,
S.P.G. MISSIONARY,
MURDERED BY BOXERS.

to accept the compensation for life and property which was offered by the Chinese Government. It desired to make it clear to all that the message which its missionaries came to bring was one of forgiveness and of peace.

Perhaps we are a little too much inclined to laugh at the Chinese because of their yellow skin and peculiar dress and manners. If we could have seen the magnificent way in which the native Christian martyrs behaved in the late massacre by the Boxers we should not have laughed! We should have realised that the Chinese have as much to teach us by their manliness and courage in facing death as we have to teach them by some of our English ways.

F. R.

NOTE.—For much of the information here given the writer has been indebted to "One of China's Scholars," published by Morgan & Scott.

Why should I take charge of a Missionary Box?

1. Because if I do so I shall become interested myself, and shall help to interest other people, in the work of Foreign Missions. We seldom become really interested in any cause or continue to be interested in it unless we try to *do* something to help the cause.

2. There are many persons, and specially children, who cannot give a large sum to the work of Foreign Missions, but who can give a little from time to time if they have a box into which to put their gift. Many too cannot preach or speak in public, but can explain to others why they keep a missionary box in their house, and can thus help to interest others in the work of Missions.

How am I to use a Missionary Box if I take one?

A missionary box is not intended to be filled entirely out of other people's pockets. It is intended to be filled at least in part out of your own savings. There are many different ways of helping to fill a missionary box. A farmer who kept hens decided to sell all the eggs which the hens laid on Sundays and to put the money into his box. In this way the box received £4 during the year.

Two American boys who had no money wanted to give something to Missions. They found a potato. This was all they had to work with, but they carried it home, cut it up, and planted it in a nice spot. When the harvest came the boys dug up over twenty good sound potatoes. At the next missionary meeting the potatoes, carefully washed, were taken by the boys, and on each potato was a paper pasted with these words written: "This is a missionary potato. It will only be sold to one who will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to Missions." If you are very poor and have nothing to give, can you not imitate these boys? Could you not plant something in your garden, or even pick and sell wild blackberries, and give the value of what you obtain to Missions?

A missionary box ought to be emptied at the end of every three months. Far more money is collected where this is the case than when the boxes are only opened at the end of the year. Try to say a short prayer for missionaries every time the box is used. The great missionary prayer which Jesus Christ Himself has taught us consists of only three words, "Thy kingdom come." We could at least repeat this prayer, and perhaps add to it the name of the country or Mission in which we are specially interested.

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